

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE
PARAPHRASED.

By the Author of the FIRST.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Wright for LAWTON GILLIVER
at *Homer's Head* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in
Fleetstreet, M.DCC.XXXV. Price 1 s.

THE
SECOND SATIRE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

OF
HOMER'S
CATHARTIC



PARAPHRASED.

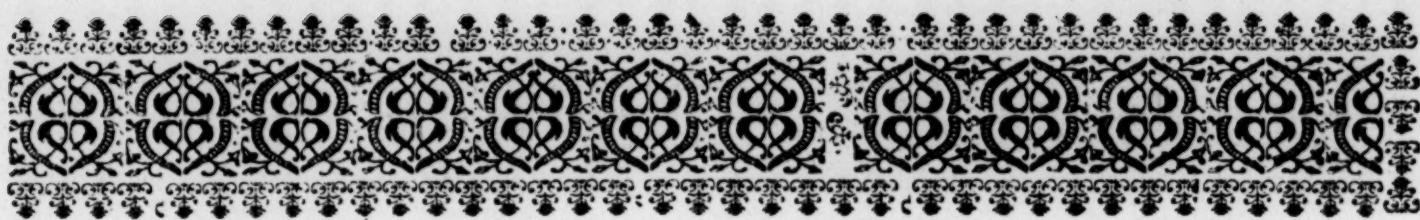
By the Author of the First.




L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Wright for Lawton Gilliver
at Homer's Head against St. Dunstons Church in
Fleet Street, M.DCCCXXV. Price 1s.

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE
PARAPHRASED.



SATIRE II.^{da.}

¹  *UÆ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem præcepit
Ofellus*

Rusticus, ⁴abnormis sapiens, crassaueq Minerva)

Discite ⁵non inter lanceis, mensasque nitenteis,

Cum stupet infanis acies fulgoribus, & cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;

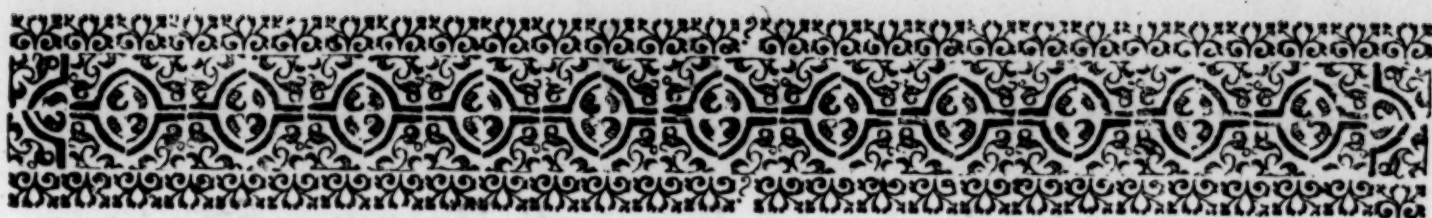
³Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?

Dicam si potero — —


— — ⁸Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus —

Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,

Sperne



SATIRE II.

¹  HAT, and how great, the Virtue and
the Art

To live on little with a chearful heart,
² (A Doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Lets talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine:
⁵ Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5
⁷ Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear *Bethel's* Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
⁴ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

⁸ Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.

⁹ Your

*Sperne cibum vilem. —⁹ Foris est Promus, & atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
 Quo partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est ****

*¹⁰ Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina, tergere palatum —
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista
 Quam laudas, pluma? —¹¹ Laudas insane, trilibrem
 Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.*

*¹² Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos
 Præsentem Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis
 Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum, cum rapula plenus*

Atque

9 Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or kept from fish, (the River yet un-thaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, not in the meat.

10 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a Pheasant still before a Hen;
 Yet Hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

11 Of Carps and Mulletts why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces e'er my Lord can eat)
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.

12 Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries, "send me, Gods! a whole Hog † barbecu'd!"
 Oh blast it, 13 South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a Rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
 He'll find no relish in the sweetest Meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

† A *West-Indian* Term of Gluttony, a Hog roasted whole, stuff'd with Spice, and
 basted with *Madera* Wine.

Atque acidas mavult inulas. ¹⁵ *Necdum omnis abacta*

Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis

Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus.—

¹⁶ *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,*

Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. ¹⁷ *Ergo*

Siquis nunc mergos suaves edixerit affos,

Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.

¹⁸ *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*

Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,

Si te alio pravum detorseris. *Avidienus*

²⁰ *(Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret)*

Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.

²¹ *Ac nisi mutatum parcat defundere vinum, &*

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

²² *Festus albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

Cauli-

¹⁵ Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, 35
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

¹⁶ The *Robin-red-breast* till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a *Martin's* nest,
Till *Becca-ficos* sold so dev'lish dear,
To one that was, or would have been a Peer. 40

¹⁷ Let me extoll a *Cat* on Oysters fed,
I'll have a Party at the *Bedford Head*,
Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfish* recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

¹⁸ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not fordid, tho' not splendid, clean.

¹⁹ *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a ²⁰ dog, and her a bitch) 50
Sell their presented Partridges, and Fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

²¹ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some ²² lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

At

Caulibus instillat; ²³ veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.

²⁴ Mundus erit qui non offendant sordibus, atque

In neutram partem cultus miser. ²⁵ Hic neque fervis

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex ²⁶ Nævius, unctam

Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

²⁷ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum

Afferat. ²⁸ In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ

Quæ simplex ²⁹ olim tibi sederat; at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis,

Dulcia se in bilem vertunt, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ³⁰ Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Cæna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,

Atque

At such a feast, ²³ old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear,
 Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the Cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

²⁴ He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, or on that:
 Nor ²⁵ stops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away;
 Nor lets, like ²⁶ Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass,

²⁷ Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)
 First Health: ²⁸ The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A Tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish,
 When Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the Man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft ²⁹ the School-boys simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

³⁰ How pale, each Worshipful and rev'rend Guest
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City, feast! 71
 What life in all that ample Body, say,
 What heav'nly Particle inspires the clay?

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

³¹ *Alter ubi dicto citius curata sopori*

Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

³² *Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam :*

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet. ³³ *Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam*

Quam puer & validus præsumis mollitiem, seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

³⁴ *Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia nasus*

Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. ³⁵ *Hos utinam inter*

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!

³⁶ *Das aliquid Famæ? (quæ carmine gratior aurem*

Occupat

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 75

³¹ On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

³² Not but we may exceed, some Holy time, 80
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
Ill Health some just indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sicknefs of long Life, Old-age;
³³ For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Vessel drains? 85

³⁴ Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no nose?
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last:
Better to keep it till their friends could come, 95
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

³⁵ Why had not I in those good times my birth,
E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
(³⁶ That sweetest Musick to an honest ear; 100

For

Occupat humanam.) Grandes rhombi, patinaeque

Grande ferent una ³⁷ *cum damno dedecus. Adde*

³⁸ *Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

³⁹ *As, laquei pretium. — —*

— ⁴⁰ *Fure, inquis, Thrāsius istis*

furgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ⁴¹ *Ergo*

Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?

Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? quare

⁴² *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur improbe! caræ*

Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

O mag-

For 'faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The World's good word is better than a Song)
 Who has not learn'd, ³⁷ fresh Sturgeon and Ham pye
 Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy ³⁸ Neighbours, thy Trustees, thy self,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how Posterity will treat thy name;
 And ³⁹ buy a Rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110
⁴⁰ " Right, cries his Lordship, for a Rogue in need
 " To have a Taste, is Insolence indeed:
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 " My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the Sun, let ⁴¹ Bounty spread her ray, 115
 And shine that Superfluity away.
 Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the ⁴² new-built Churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall: 120
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five *per Cent*.

E

Who

⁴³ *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uter-ne*

⁴⁴ *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

⁴⁵ *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc ⁴⁶ accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam præter ⁴⁷ olus, fumosæ cum pede pernae.

At mihi cum ⁴⁸ longum post tempus venerit hospes,

Sive operum vacuo, &c. — bene erit, non piscibus

urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hædo; tum — —

— pen-

⁴³ Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jest for all mankind !

And ⁴⁴ who stands safest, tell me? is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In Peace provides fit arms against a War?

⁴⁵ Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought : 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In *South-sea* days not happier, when furmis'd

The Lord of thousands, than ev'n now ⁴⁶ *Excis'd* ;

In Forests planted by a Father's hand, 140

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On ⁴⁷ Broccoli and mutton, round the year ;

But ⁴⁸ ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)

That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away. 145

'Tis true, no ⁴⁹ Turbots dignify my boards,

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,

Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :

From

— — ⁵⁰ pensilis uva secundas

Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplice ficu.

Posthac ludus erit ⁵¹ Cuppa potare Magistra,

Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

Sæviat atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos

O pueri nituistis, ut huc ⁵² novus Incola venit?

⁵³ Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum

Nec me, aut quemquam statuit; nos expulit ille,

Illum aut ⁵⁴ Nequities, aut ⁵⁵ vafri incitia juris,

Postremo expellit certe ⁵⁶ vivacior hæres,

⁵⁷ Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ⁵⁸ Quocirca vivite fortes!

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.



⁵⁰ From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall ;
 And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
 And figs, from standard and Espalier join :
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine. (place)
 Then ⁵¹ chearful healths (your Miftrefs shall have
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say *Grace*.
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
 Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I loft ?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after ⁵² Standing Armies came.
 My lands are fold, my Father's house is gone ; ¹⁶⁰
 I'll hire another's : is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? thro' whose free-opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) ¹⁶⁵
 " Pray heav'n it last ! (cries Swift) as you go on ;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :
 " Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." —
 Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one, ¹⁷⁰
 Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon ?

What's ⁵³ *Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ⁵⁴ Peter Walter,
 Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's share,
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the Heir, ¹⁷⁵
 Or in pure ⁵⁵ *Equity* (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best, it falls to some ⁵⁶ ungracious son,
 That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
⁵⁷ Shades, that to Ba * * n could retreat afford, ¹⁸⁰
 Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
 And Hemfley, once proud * Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
⁵⁸ Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
 Let Us be fix'd, and our own Masters still

* Villers Duke of Buckingham.

